

**THE
PINKERTON
CRITIC
PINKERTON ACADEMY**

MARCH, 1920



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HAD A MOCK TRIAL.

At Pinkerton academy hall last Friday evening an affair of much enjoyment took place, in the shape of a "Mock Trial." The case under trial was that of Arlington Vs Smith and the sketch was written by Prof. A. W. Reynolds. The jurors were drawn from the audience. The participants were the boys from the senior and junior classes.

Maurice E. Walbridge was the judge; Dean Sanborn, the sheriff; Clayton Cross, the court officer; Arthur Chase, crier; Sidney Garland, secretary; Leon Rand, clerk of court; Thomas Foxall, interpreter; A. W. Reynolds, plaintiff's lawyer; P. L. Horne, defendant's lawyer; Leon Bailey, the plaintiff; Olan Rand, defendant. Twenty or more took part as witnesses, etc.

The attorney's pleas following the testimony of the witnesses were especially witty and caused no end of merriment.

Friday evening March 26 the junior and sophomore classes of Pinkerton academy will have a declamation contest that will be open not only to the school but to the general public. The admission to the public will be 25 cents but the academy students will be admitted free.

SOPHOMORE -- JUNIOR
Prize Declamation Contest

AT

ACADEMY HALL

FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 26, 1920

Six Prizes

PROGRAM

Christmas Eve at The Gulch, Albert B. Paine
MARION JOSEPHINE GEORGE

Mrs. McDuffy on Baseball Detroit Free Press
HAROLD MERVIN SOMERVILLE

The Lie, Annie Hamilton Donnell
MARGARET FRANCES GILLESPIE

The Man Without a Country, Edward Everett Hale
OLAN ALEXANDER RAND

Maymies Story of Red Riding Hood, James Whitcomb Riley
ALMA MARGARET O'NEIL

INTERMISSION

The Bald Headed Man, Anon
ARTHUR WARREN REYNOLDS, Jr.

The Soul of The Violin, Margaret M. Merrill
RUTH EVELYN SHACKETT

Pigs is Pigs, Ellis Parker Butler
RALPH MAITLAID STEARNS

The Soldier's Reprieve, Mrs. A. D. Robbins
ROSE ALMA DURETTE

The Finish of Patsy Barnes, Paul Lawrence Dunbar
HORACE ALBERT EMERSON

Ma goes on a Strike, Besse Streeter Aldrich
MARION RUTH BIDWELL

The National Flag, Henry Ward Beecher
EARL EDWARD KELLEY

Medley 12 Speakers

Awarding of Prizes

Derry Public Library
64 E. Broadway
Derry, N H 03038

For Reference

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The Pinkerton Critic

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NO. 3

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Editorial

Usually when one sees the women of the town appear in Spring hats and suits one would expect Spring to follow immediately or in a day or two, but here the Spring hats and suits have been out for two or three or more weeks and not a sign of Spring have we had yet. The snow is still several feet deep, and beneath it the flowers are soundly sleeping, with apparently no thought of waking for some time. But then, one can never tell in these days of rapidly changing events. We may all awake some morning soon to find the snow completely vanished. Wouldn't we sit up in bed and just look and look, though, until we came to the full realization that at last Spring, beautiful Spring, was here, with no more worry about whether the cars or trains would run or not or whether we would have to walk a couple of miles to school, through a foot of snow; but we should all be willing to walk double the distance now that Spring had really come.

The appeal for a larger orchestra should be heeded. The Academy has several members who are as fully qualified to take part as are some who are already members. The leader, Mr. John Little, is certainly exceptional. To join the orchestra costs nothing but the time of the rehearsals. We ought to have twenty more boys and girls willing and able to help out. We do not expect finished performers, but we do expect that a large number will come to the weekly rehearsals on Tuesday afternoon.

With this issue of the "Critic," the 1920 Board of Editors turn over the publication to the Juniors. The present Board wishes to thank all who have contributed to whatever success has been ours. We pledge ourselves to help, if desired, in the two remaining issues of this school year, and we urge all members of the Academy to contribute. Remember, the "Critic" is your paper and will be just what you make it.

Accomplishing the Impossible

"You never can do it, Margaret. You can't make me believe that a girl with as little money as you have can go to college and get through," stated Anthony Rawdon as he rose from his chair on the veranda of the Langdons' cottage.

"You have made a success of your first year in the University, Anthony, and you had no more money to begin on than I have," Margaret Langdon gently reminded him.

"Oh, but just because a fellow can do that sort of thing is no reason a girl can try it and get by," was the scornful rejoinder.

"Anthony Rawdon"—Margaret's eyes flashed fire as she rose to the defense of her sex—"you have used that argument once too often. I believe, I know, that I can earn my way through college just as well as you, and I am going to do it." Without another word she disappeared into the house, and Anthony was left alone to realize that he had made a grave mistake in dealing with the girl who had been his "pal" since their days of mud-pies and marbles.

The two did not meet again before Margaret set out for the distant college which she had determined to enter. Margaret saw to that; and Anthony, perceiving her attitude, made no attempt even to say good-bye.

Within a few months the Rawdon family moved to a distant city, and so it chanced that the two young people never happened to meet during vacations.

Four years passed—four years of struggle for Margaret. Often she was nearly discouraged, but always at such a time there came before her a vision of Anthony, saying "You never can do it, Margaret." And she always answered through set teeth, "I will do it," and went back to her work with new vigor.

She graduated, an honor student, in the June following America's declaration of

war against Germany. Her training had been for secretarial work, and her experience in the college registrar's office during her Senior year enabled her to obtain a position, shortly after graduation, as an under-secretary in the office of the head of a large manufacturing concern.

But her ambition carried her, a year later, to Washington, where she secured a position, less remunerative than the one she had left, but offering more of an opportunity for advancement. She was to serve as an under-secretary in one of the government offices—a splendid position, but one which did not satisfy Margaret. Within her was a ceaseless force, impelling her to wider labors; but she was wise enough to realize that she could win her laurels much more easily by working up from the bottom than by continually seeking to find a place at the top of the ladder. So she threw herself into her new work with a will, and day by day rose higher in the esteem of her "chief" and fellow-employees.

For three months she continued in this position, and then came the word from the inner office that the head's private secretary was leaving—a war bride. All Margaret's ambitious longing immediately centered upon that vacant chair, and in the next few days put everything that was in her into her efforts to prove herself worthy of the place. At the end of the week the chief himself came to her and offered her the position as his private secretary.

"At last," thought Margaret that night, "I feel that I can stop for a while. After the war I shall want to go farther ahead, but until then I shall try to feel that I have found my place, and fill it to the best of my ability, without wasting any time looking higher."

However, Margaret was not of the type who could live without dreams, and so she continued with her planning for

greater accomplishments, but did not strive for further advancement at present.

The weeks passed, bringing with them the closing days of the war, and finally the glorious news of the signing of the armistice. There was no happier girl in Washington that day than Margaret, for her only brother was "over there," and her joy was unmixed with regret, since she knew that she would not lose her hard-earned position with the close of the war. Thoughts of her brother and home brought to her mind a sentence from her mother's last letter. "Someone told me the other day that Anthony Rawdon was making a fine success in one of the Eastern base hospitals. Do you remember when you two used to play together so much?"

Did she remember? And did she remember that last night she had seen him? She could look back on that night now and smile, yet the sting of the incident was still there. "How I'd like to see him sometime and take a woman's pleasure in saying, 'I told you so,'" she thought with a smile.

With the war practically over, Margaret felt that she might let her dreams once again carry her ahead. She was the type of girl to whom dreams are of value because, becoming real to her in time, they provided a goal toward which she might work. Visions, when merely visions, are only a waste of mental energy, but when they serve as goals to work for, they then mean much to any young person.

Thus it happened that Margaret came to firmly believe that she would soon know the fulfilment of her greatest desire—to go abroad in government service.

One day she casually mentioned her wish to her employer, and he, perceiving her earnestness, remembered.

The following January brought him a letter from an old college mate, who had risen high in the reportorial profession, asking him to keep watch for some young lady who could efficiently serve him as a secretary.

"My paper is sending me across to the

Peace Conference," he wrote, "and I must have a secretary who is quick, efficient, and willing to work long and hard." Margaret's employer, remembering his secretary's remark of a few months before, showed her the letter and offered to recommend her to his friend if she desired the position. This he did, and two weeks later Margaret received the news of her acceptance with the calm assurance common to girls of her type. She had known it was coming!

A month later she set sail for France, in company with a party of secretaries and assistants, all bound for the Conference. She met her new employer in Paris, and immediately began upon her new work. It was arduous labor, but it became so much a part of herself that she was seldom tired, and never regretted for a moment that she had come. Her splendid work and efficiency raised her from the ranks of the mediocre secretaries to one of those well known for her skill. Her circle of friends began to embrace some of those men and women whose names were household words in the United States.

One of her new friends was an ex-Senator, a man of much prominence in Washington, who was performing official duties at the Conference. He became greatly interested in this capable and apparently untiring young woman, who seemed to have the details of every current issue at her finger-tips; and when, on the completion of his duties in Paris, he returned to Washington, he offered Margaret a position as his confidential secretary. Margaret, happy in the assurance that she had honestly won her splendid place, returned to the United States, the secretary and friend of one of the most noted men of the country. Her ambitions were realized!

The weeks passed, and as she sat one morning in the pleasant room which was now her private sanctum, there came a call to her employer's office.

"Dr. Rawdon stopped to discuss a certain matter with me, and now he would

like to give a little dictation, Miss Langdon."

The tall figure in uniform and the slight form in trim working garb started in turn. Was it possible, thought the doctor, that this business-like young woman was his playmate of so many years before? Yes, there were the twinkle of the eye and the firm lift of chin which he knew so well.

"Margaret, can it be possible? Who would have expected to find you here?"

"Old friends, eh?" smiled Margaret's employer. "Well, then I'll leave for a few minutes and let you talk over old times"—and he went out.

"Well, Anthony, why shouldn't I be here?" asked Margaret with the old-time flash in her eye.

"Now, Margaret, don't think that I meant to start the old argument again. Just cool down and tell me all about what you have done."

A brief story was all she gave him, simply stating mere facts without boasting. When she had finished, Anthony came over to her chair and, standing beside her, said soberly:

"Margaret, I honestly believed that you could not do what you have done, but I am convinced now that a girl can make good just as well as a boy if she works for it. And what you have told me is not all I have heard, for my friend has written me more than once of the splendid work of his secretary, though I did not know who she was. I feel that I have succeeded in my profession. You have made the same success in yours. I am ready to admit that you have equalled me in accomplishments, and I want to shake hands with you as an equal—equal not only in mental ability, but also in courage, perseverance and efficiency—in fact, everything which makes for what is best in a man or woman; and I am proud, proud, proud of my old schoolmate. Will you shake?"

"I certainly will, Anthony. I think I can afford to forgive you now."

—L. E. S., '19.

A Dog Hero of the Desert

"Rufus" is a wise old dog who is spending his last years in a dog sanatorium in Pasadena, California. For years this friend of man, with his partner, Lon Westcott Beck, made trips into the sun-scorched, trackless wastes in the Death Valley region. Beck and Rufus were pioneers in a life-saving project. They went out on their mission of mercy, Beck carrying sign-boards and the dog laden with saddle-bags of restoratives and poison antidotes. While the man set up the guide-posts or painted the water-signs, Rufus detoured widely, carrying aid to prospectors and others who had lost their way and were at the point of death from thirst or the bites of poisonous reptiles.

At the time of these two great benefactors' struggles, the life-saving project was given scanty support and hardly recognized. Since the death of Mr. Beck in 1917, the Government has appropriated \$100,000 to carry out the good work.

Rufus' years of hardship of carrying heavy saddle-bags and plodding along in his leather boots are not without their reward, for he will be given the best of care until his rest comes.

—E. M. B., '20.

Winter

Cold winter has its drawbacks,
But it has its joys as well.
Take skiing, for example,
And other sports as well.

There's old-fashioned sleighing parties,
Skating, sliding, fun galore;
Taking in levees and dances.
One could hardly wish for more.

But Spring will soon be with us,
And the snow will disappear;
And no matter about the weather,
Let's be happy while we're here.

—E. M. B., '20.

God's Stone Witness, the Great Pyramid in Egypt

(Taken from "Studies in the Scriptures")

Series III.

The Great Pyramid of Gizeh is one of the seven wonders of the world. It is situated in Egypt, not far from the city of Cairo. No other building in the world equals it in size.

One of the leading men of this country says: "There are blocks of stone in the Pyramid which weigh three or four times as much as one of the obelisks. I saw a stone whose estimated weight was eight hundred and eighty tons. Some of the stones in it are thirty feet in length."

The Great Pyramid covers an area of about thirteen acres. It is four hundred eighty-six feet high and seven hundred sixty-four feet broad at its base. It is estimated that the Great Pyramid weighs six million tons, and that to remove it would require sixty thousand steam engines, each drawing one hundred tons. Egypt is not rich enough to pay laborers to demolish it.

The Great Pyramid is a storehouse of important truth, and it is found to be in perfect accord with the Bible.

Professor Smyth has concluded that the Great Pyramid was built in the year 2170 B. C. He came to this conclusion from astronomical observations.

Melchizedek is believed to have been its builder, and he employed Egyptian labor for its construction.

The Great Pyramid is situated on an elevated rocky plain, overlooking the Nile River. "A remarkable thing in connection with its situation is that the delta of the Nile forms a seacoast which in shape is a true quarter circle, with the Great Pyramid marking the inner angle.

Mr. Henry Mitchell, Chief Hydrographer of the United States Coast Survey, who

visited Egypt in 1868, made the discovery of this relationship of the Great Pyramid to the coast. He said, "That monument stands in a more important physical situation than any other building erected by man."

Another fact of interest is that the Great Pyramid is located in the geographical center of the land surface of the world, including North and South America, unknown for centuries after the location and construction of the Great Pyramid.

"The measure of the base of the four sides, added, is found to be as many pyramid cubits as there are days in four years, to the fraction, including the leap-year fraction."

It is claimed that the distance to the sun is indicated by the height and angle of the Great Pyramid to be 91,840,270 miles. Astronomers have recently come to the conclusion that the distance to the sun is 92,000,000 miles.

There are chambers and passageways in the Great Pyramid which are of very great interest.

The chief room is known as the "King's Chamber." It is the highest and noblest apartment in the Pyramid, being thirty-four feet long, seventeen feet wide, and nineteen feet high. It is of polished red granite throughout. There is an empty granite "coffer" or stone box, without a lid, in this chamber. It is the only piece of furniture in the Pyramid.

This chamber is ventilated by two air-passages, which run through its walls and extend to the outer surface.

Another room is the "Queen's Chamber."

The passageways and floor of the Pyramid are of limestone, as is the whole building, except in the "King's Chamber," the "Ante-Chamber," and the passage be-

tween them, where the floors and ceilings are of granite.

The Pyramid is full of historical, scientific and religious evidence.

It has been called "The Bible in Stone."

—F. B. G., '20.

"Vincens et Victurus"

The class of 1920 of Pinkerton Academy, by vote, have decided that their class motto shall be "Vincens et Victurus," which, translated into English, means "Conquering, and about to conquer."

We have not yet fully realized what this motto means, but when we pause and think about it, we arrive at the conclusion that to "conquer" means to overcome—to overcome obstacles which are in our way, to rise above them, and be victorious; and "still to conquer" means that we are not to stop by overcoming the first obstacle but to keep on overcoming all which we meet.

In another sense, the motto means to conquer friends. In still another, to conquer our own faults. In fact, it means so many things that it is hard to enumerate them.

We hope that we can live up to our motto, and keep conquering all those things which oppose us in future time.

We believe that this is a fine challenge for us to follow. We hope that we may be able to help others by this resolution of ours, so that they will conquer and keep conquering as we ourselves hope to do.

—S. E. M., '20.

Notice

LOST—Between Derry Village Postoffice and Dr. Barker's residence, 2 sidecombs, 1 pair gloves, 2 handkerchiefs, 1 shoe string, 1 rubber, 12 hairpins, etc. Finder please return to Miss S. and receive grateful thanks.

Philomathean Society

The meetings of our debating society have been held regularly. Owing to the weather conditions, however, we have on several occasions been unable to have the main debate. The new system of giving out an affirmative and negative on the extempore speeches adds much more interest to the meetings. By the way, are you a prospective debater?

At least six boys and four girls must be developed for the teams next year. Perhaps you have got the stuff to make a debater. Fellows, the girls have you beaten a mile.

We are proud of our debating teams. It makes us feel good the way we took those rivals into camp, defeated them and then defeated them in their own camp. Both the negative and affirmative teams of Hampton and Sanborn and the negative team of Amesbury have been defeated by our teams. With only two veterans on the teams and both of these on the affirmative, it did not seem an easy proposition. Much credit is due Mr. Horne, Mr. Foxall and Miss Monroe for their faithfulness in coaching the teams.

A Poem

I wish I was a poet,

With long and flowing hair,

So I could write a poem—

Something very wise and rare.

I'd write of Mother Nature;

Words would flow right off my pen

Like tiny, sparkling brooklets

Through a green and shady glen.

I would not write of sorrow

Or anything so tragic,

But of brilliant autumn leaves,

Whose change is almost magic.

But I am just a girl,

And have not surplus wit,

And so I must be satisfied

With just this little bit.

—E. L., '20.

Winter Carnival

Wednesday afternoon, January 28, about forty pupils gathered on the athletic field to witness a Winter Carnival. It was the first time that Pinkerton ever attempted anything of this sort, and the students were somewhat in doubt about entering the events. The Freshmen were the most venturesome, as shown by the numbers participating.

The Carnival opened with a 50-yard ski dash, R. Martin winning first and H. Bartlett coming in second. Then came the 100-yard ski dash. The racers occasionally amused the audience by losing control and pitching head foremost into the crusty snow. K. Bartlett won first in this race, with Low and Paquet coming in second. The longest race was the obstacle race. Many queer antics were performed, among which perhaps those of Bolduc were the most humorous. Up to this time no Senior had dared enter the events, but Bolduc, moved by his class spirit, to say nothing of his adventurous temperament, cast his lot with the Freshmen, much to the amusement of the onlookers. It was learned that he had never been on skis before. He did very well though, coming in seventh. Henry Bartlett won first, K. Bartlett second and Paquet third.

The three-legged ski race was won by Martin and Paquet; second by Pillsbury and Stewart. M. Read won first in the 50-yard snowshoe dash and Williams and Herlihy tied for second.

The last and most difficult event was the ski jump. (It was so difficult that it was impossible.) A blur would come rushing down the hillside, launch forth in the air, then suddenly fall into the soft snow at the bottom. When the snow had settled again and the onlookers were gasping at the horror of it, the smiling countenance of Paquet, Stewart, Pillsbury or Bartlett might show forth above the snow. No one could make out the contestant until he had landed at the bottom. A simpler jump was tried with more success. Stew-

art won first, Williams second, and H. Bartlett and Pillsbury third.

The summary of points is as follows:

Freshmen	36 ½
Sophomores	8 ½
Juniors	1 ½
Seniors	4 ½

Hidden Treasures of the Sea

All through the centuries that man has sailed the seas he has always been threatened by the dangers of that element and subject to its whims. Almost every day one hears of at least one ship which is either sunk or in great danger. Leaving the loss of life entirely out of the matter, there are the immense treasures hidden in the depths of the sea. Even in these days of science man has not been able except under most favorable circumstances to reclaim any of the lost treasures.

The greatest ship which ever sunk was the "Lusitania," which is reputed to have in its holds between ten and fifty million dollars' worth of gold and silver. This amount of money is only "a drop in the bucket" beside the great number of valuable sunken ships. Someone has voiced the opinion that five hundred and eighty-six ships have sunk off Cape Cod alone during the last forty years. The late war caused almost a wholesale destruction of merchant ships many of which had rich cargoes. The number is estimated at one thousand.

Depth of water alone is the general reason why these ships have never been salvaged. Divers cannot work very effectively in much more than fifty feet of water because of the tremendous pressure. The problem now before inventors is to perfect some kind of a diving suit or hat which can effectively resist pressure and yet allow enough freedom of motion to work on a sunken vessel.

A. W. G., '20.

Lamentations

"The monthly marks are going out next week, so I will give you a test on Wednesday. The test will be on the Constitution of the United States and the last chapter we studied in our books." This statement was made by Mr. Reynolds in class on Monday, but nobody thought any more about the test until Wednesday at recess, and this is what everyone passing the door of room six heard:

"Say, do you realize that we have a test in history today. Does anyone know what a "compact theory" is or a "pocket veto" or anything about senators and representatives or the Articles of Confederation?"

From the corner came a very sleepy voice. "Gee! I studied history last night until I didn't know the difference between history and Greek, and I don't know anything about it now."

Everyone tried to explain the different subjects and everyone explained them differently. The bell rang, and with a great big groan all the Seniors departed for room 8.

—E. M. H., '20.

Wireless Communication is Old

Wireless telegraphy is new, but wireless communication is as old as Biblical times. The National Geographic Society notes that the Island of Capri was a wireless station of ancient Rome. It is believed that mirrors were used in signalling.

The distance between Rome and Capri was too far for direct signalling, but along the coast of the Tyrrhenian Sea are many high mountains, which were used as relay stations. The average distance between these stations was about forty miles. The Palatine Hill was probably the sending station for Rome. There were six of these relay stations; the shortest distance between two of them was eighteen miles; the next shortest was thirty-nine miles; all the others were forty-four miles apart.

—A. E. B., '20.

Who is He?

In the senior class there's a noble boy
Who fills all the maidens' hearts with joy.

His hair is black,

His legs are long,

And he always whistles a merry song.

He studies early! He studies late!
But never takes part in any debate.

A red sweater he wears,

A white one, too.

His tardy marks are very few?

After two o'clock call "Derry 2-9,"
'Cause when he's there he's feeling fine.

At five o'clock

He takes the car,

'Though Derry Village is not very far.

He's always good-natured, always gay;
And it's not uncommon to hear him say,

"I like to study—

And this you'll believe

When you see all the A's that I receive"

Of "Arrow Collar Boys" you've surely
heard,

But this classy youth makes them seem
absurd.

Now this will end

My little rhyme.

You've surely guessed him by this time.

P. S. I.

A rhyme of sense I cannot make,
And so the liberty I take

To make a riddle. If you can guess
Just who this is,

Then I'll confess.

P. S. II.

Though scholarly this may not be,
I surely hope that you will see
This is a joke and written in fun.
Nothing else I could have done.

P. S. III.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

—L. M., '20.

D. M. and Y. W. C. A.

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. have been holding some very interesting meetings. Those who were present will not soon forget them. Those absent, however, have been missing a great treat. Frequently we have had speakers who spoke to the student body. Among these were Mr. Dillon, Secretary Manchester Y. M. C. A.; Mr. Dumm, Mr. Warren and Miss Clark. These talks are just what we need for a broader outlook and to help us in preparing our future work. We have also listened to talks by Mr. Walbridge and Mr. Foxall. These were for the boys only, and they were certainly an inspiration. Fellows, just give the Y. M. C. A. a lift and it will do as much for you.

The "Father and Son" Banquet was held in Association Hall February 9. There were 165 present and to say they had a good time would be putting it mildly. In fact, if one could have heard and not seen he might have thought those present were all sons. The supper was prepared under the direction of the fathers; the sons did the rest. Mr. Jewell gave an outline of the county Y. M. C. A. work, showing how boys were helped in choosing their life work. In the absence of the regular speakers, Mr. Horne spoke. His appeal was for the young men, and throughout the talk held his audience spellbound. Several of the fathers were called upon, and Archie Hepworth spoke in behalf of the sons. The meeting was kept lively by cheering, both by the fathers and sons.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

With the exception of two or three times, the Y. W. C. A. has held a meeting every week. Miss Avery has had charge of our meetings as far as the "Lesson for the Day" is concerned, and I am sure that we all have benefited under her leadership.

We have had two joint meetings with the Y. M. C. A. and were well entertained. At one of these joint meetings we were

addressed by Rev. Mr. Warren. His talk was very interesting, and if we should all follow his advice we would be better for it.

Our next meeting is to be a joint meeting with the Y. M. C. A.

A stereopticon lecture by Mr. Horne is expected at this meeting, which we know beforehand will be entertaining, instructive, and well worth the attention of all.

—F. B. G., '20.

The Glee Club held its first meeting under the direction of Miss Cutts, January 21. The following officers were elected: Ruth Severance, president and first pianist; Marion Aiken, vice-president and second pianist; Marion Cogswell, secretary; Carolyn Martin, librarian; and Marion George and Alma O'Neil, assistant librarians. The Glee Club was rather unfortunate this year and was late in getting started, but we are trying to make up for lost time. We have a large club this year—seventy-one in number. On the 22d of February about twenty-five of the girls sang in the Adams Memorial Hall at a memorial service for the boys who died in the war. In spite of the delay in getting started, we hope to accomplish our year's work; and we can if every girl makes it her duty to be present each meeting and does her part toward making it a success.

—R. S., '20.

The orchestra rehearses every Tuesday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. Little, and is doing good work this year. We have two first violinists, Ruth Reynolds and Merna Walbridge; three second violinists, Marion Cogswell, Dona Romprey and Thomas Stewart; three cornetists, Thelma George, Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Walbridge; a cello player, Miss Clark; and two pianists, Lucy Barker and Ruth Severance. We played at the Senior drama and expect to play at the Sophomore and Junior prize speaking contest, which comes soon. You probably noticed when we

played at the Senior drama that there was only one boy in the orchestra. If we could only get some boys to play the flute or clarinet or some other instrument we need, it would help us wonderfully. We wonder what the matter is. We want to assure the boys that we all make mistakes and that theirs will be lost in the others. Come, try it next Tuesday at 2.30 and see how you like it. We need you.

—R. S., '20.

On the 18th of January, 1920, the thermometer registered nearly twenty degrees below zero, which is very cold for these parts. The sky was clear and cold-looking; the sun shone, but its rays were like a keen knife, and absolutely void of any heat. On the seventeenth, which had also been a very cold day, we had had a snow storm, but the snow had been very fine and light and had settled loosely upon the frozen ground. During the night a strong wind had arisen and the loose snow had been blown in great clouds. With the snow and the lowness of the mercury combined, it was a very cold world that I looked out upon through a double window, and with a warm fire at my back.

Now, it is the custom for people of the Catholic church to attend mass on Communion Sunday before breakfast. (I give this word of information in case that someone of my readers may not know this. I freely admit that I did not know it myself until today.)

When I glanced out of the window at the blowing clouds of snow and saw that the thermometer registered very low, I also saw a little girl struggling against the wind and seeming to be getting the worst of the conflict. As she neared the house, she sought shelter behind the big tree which is just in front of the window through which I was looking. Her little hands were bare and her coat looked very insufficient. Her face was very red, and two spots on her cheeks showed a marked contrast, for they were very white. That

she was cold could be plainly seen, and she was afraid of the fury of this cold, merciless wind. Her pretty little mouth started what it was very evident would soon be a good cry, but she was brave and was fighting hard not to give in.

I pitied the little sufferer and felt like a thief to be sitting by a warm fire (because it was too cold to go to church) while this little tot was out in the cold and very nearly ready to give in to it.

I slipped into a sweater and went out to her and asked her if she didn't want to come in and get warm. She was shy, but after a smile, a kind word and a gust of wind and snow, she consented. Right then she had her cry, and then told her story. She had gone to early mass and had had no breakfast and it had been "awfully cold."

A cup of cocoa and a good breakfast and the attention of the whole family worked wonders. She was soon smiling happily and the cold was forgotten.

After a while, when she said that she felt all right and guessed she would go home, I hitched up the horse, and after wrapping the little girl, whose name we learned was Florence, in a great fur coat, so that only her shining eyes showed from its warm folds, I took her home; and somehow I felt awfully glad all day that I had happened to look out of the window just as I did.

—L. R. S., '20.

The Masquerade

The masquerade given by the Junior class was as attractive as any ever presented in Academy Hall. The hall was packed, and we were glad to see among those present many parents of students. The costumes were many and very attractive. Prizes were awarded "The Spanish Cavalier," Bradbury Bartlett, and "The Rainbow," Marie Barker; "Bubbles," Miss Cogwell; "The Turk," Maurice Read. Excellent music was furnished by Goodchild's orchestra.

"Shooting the Moon"

Prof. R. H. Goddard of Clark University claims to have discovered a very inexpensive method by which this world may communicate with other worlds. His method is to shoot a rocket, loaded with explosives, beyond the earth's gravitative pull, where it will yield to that of our satellite, travel at continually accelerated speed, and finally appear on the moon's shaded side as a burst of flame.

Many novelists have written of trips to the moon. The scheme of Jules Verne's comes the nearest of being like this rocket scheme. He shot four men to the moon theoretically—in a huge projectile. The projectile was shot from an immense cannon by four hundred thousand pounds of nitro-glycerine.

A prize has been offered by the French Academy of Sciences for the discovery of a means of communicating with a planet other than Mars. If Professor Goddard's scheme is tried out this year he may receive it, but the offer expires at the end of this year.

Questions have been raised regarding the possibilities of other planets signaling to us. No flash-light signals have reached us even from Mars. This planet has been and is a subject to bombardment by those mysterious objects called meteors. One fell near Lake Michigan a short time ago, causing widespread alarm. Some people are wondering if these objects aren't intended to fall on the earth—if they aren't some kind of a signal.

A. R. Wallace held that the earth was the only inhabited planet. Novelists don't seem to agree with him. We shall all be interested to know the truth regarding this new field of adventure and discovery.

—J. L. W., '20.

There is a young fellow named Shackett
Who in school makes a terrible racket.

He's a very great flirt,

And he wears a pink shirt,

Look out for your heart or he'll crack it.

The Snow King

The Snow King stalks through our country

In silence white and grim;

He has made us leave our work undone,
And patiently wait for him.

He has stopped the wheels of traffic,
And covered lane and street

With a fleecy, snow-white blanket
That is long and wide and deep.

He has taken from work and workers
A large and terrible toll;

He has taken comfort from many,
And sent terror to many a soul.

Each cloud has a silver lining,

And, while he has taken away,

He has given to some great pleasure,

Furnished sport for the young and gay.

So we hail the King of Winter,

And bid him go on his way,

But we wait and watch for the Springtime,
And the birds and blossoms of May.

—M. S. G., '20.

Catching Trains

Have you ever stood in a railroad station and watched a train go and after it is out of sight come to the realization that it was the last train that night?

If some time you are feeling out of sorts and want something to happen that will make you feel really cheerful, try the above prescription. It might work well in some instances but it didn't in mine, for after that first awful realization another more terrible fact dawned on me, namely, that I must arise around 4 a. m., in order to catch the first train in the morning; and when I thought of how cold the following morning was very likely to be, I firmly resolved never to try to catch a train again without first inquiring whether or not the time had been changed.

—F. E. C., '20.

Senior Class Ride

The Seniors, realizing the fun which such an event would offer, planned a sleighing party to Chester. Teams were scarce, but after much scouting around by our President and his loyal helpers, two were obtained. They arrived without mishap and took Stevens Hall by storm.

Then the fun began—music and feed!

Those Senior boys never were very bashful, but when it comes to eating—well, the night air does give one a good appetite, and it was a long ride, too. Bunnie, our "Royal Ruter," won the cracker race, but everybody "nose" how he did it. There was something doing all of the time—dancing, singing and cheering. At a late hour the start for home was made. It was a question in the minds of some why those people who had been so noisy were now so quiet. However, Miss ——— was there and threw a good deal of light on the matter. They arrived home early.

My Poem

I've been asked by my teacher,
Whose name is Mr. Horne,
To write some kind of a poem,
And hand it to him in the morn.

But as I take my pen in hand,
I can't find a thing to write;
The only thing I can think of
To rhyme with write, is night.

Now this is a poor beginning,
But you know the saying is
That a poor beginning makes a good ending,
Although it's not that way with this.

I know this is very short,
And is just a waste of time,
But maybe Mr. Horne will accept it
As a part of work, all mine.

—A. M. T., '20.

A Submarine

A submarine is composed of seven compartments. They are named as follows: torpedo room, forward battery room, central operating compartment, conning tower, aft battery room, engine room, motor room. All compartments or rooms are water-tight. It is estimated that any compartment but the engine room may spring a leak and become filled with water without sinking the boat.

The torpedo room is about twice the size of the battery rooms. In the forward end of the compartment are four torpedo tubes. Just aft of the tubes are six torpedoes. In the rear of the room the ammunition for the six-inch deck gun, small arms, and machine gun is stored.

The battery rooms contain the lockers. In the aft battery compartment the galley is situated.

The central operating compartment is about the size of the battery rooms. All parts of the boat are controlled directly from this station. The radio room occupies about a ninth of this compartment.

The conning tower is directly over the central operating compartment. This room is only large enough for two men to stand in at a time. The auxiliary controls are placed in this room.

The engine room is one and one-half the size of the battery rooms. The diesel engines fill this space, excluding all other apparatus.

The motor room is the size of the battery rooms. It contains two 290 horse power motors in the forward end. In the aft end, on the starboard side, is the compressed air machine, and on the port side is a well equipped work-bench for the use of the crew.

—T. O. P., '20.

In senior class meeting:
M. A., '20—Well, the whole class isn't here.
B. B., '20—No; Bailey isn't here.

Embarrassed

I have attended many different events and have seen many persons called upon to speak or recite and never thought a great deal about the ease with which they did it.

Since last Friday night I have thought considerably about it, and I marvel at the ease with which some men chatter on at a banquet or social event when they are unexpectedly called upon.

Last Friday I attended a "Young Men's Convention" held at Nashua, N. H. At 6.30 we met together in the banquet hall, and after eating a good supper we settled back in our chairs to listen to the addresses of the leaders of the convention.

Several spoke and were enjoyed by all. Then it was announced that we would have a few words from Mr. Loren Rand. Imagine my consternation! I blushed; I stammered; I smiled. I tried to collect my scattered thoughts. I er-ed and ah-ed, coughed and coughed again. At last I gasped out that "I—er—ah was honored and er—ah was having an—er—ah most wonderful time and er—ah. I thank you."

—L. R. S., '20.

A Submarine Submerging

A submarine submerges but slowly, except in case of actual danger. It will take a period of seven to ten minutes to submerge. When the boat is once under the surface it rapidly sinks to any depth desired.

When the word is passed, "Clear the decks, make all secure, prepare to submerge," the men on deck quickly disappear to their several stations.

Two men, one fore and one aft, batter down the hatches. Two other men, one in the forward battery room and one in the aft battery room, close the battery ventilators. The electricians test the rising and submerging apparatus; the gunners' mates test the compressed air; the ma-

chinist's mates make all secure in the engine room, and the radio men adjust the listening devices and undersea signaling apparatus.

The boat is ready. The skipper passes the word that opens the main tank vents, then turns to the man at the kingston and says, "Flood the adjusting tank, flood the after main ballast, flood the forward main ballast."

The boat slowly begins to sink as the water rushes into the tanks. When the depth gauge reads the desired depth, the skipper passes the word, "Close all vents."

The boat is now under. One gunner's mate stays in the torpedo room, one electrician in the central operating compartment, and one machinist's mate in the engine room. The rest of the crew generally assemble in the aft battery compartment, which is also the galley, to indulge in hot coffee and games of cards.

Winter

This winter has been awful,
Some folks seem to think,
But I have been real comfortable
With pencil, pen and ink.

As I sit beside the window,
Where everything is dry,
I see the streets blocked up with snow,
Piled up in drifts so very high.

Of course, we all like winter,
But like summer best of all.
There are some who never bother;
They are satisfied with fall.

Now the sun is shining brightly,
And the snow is melting fast.
We will bear our hardships lightly,
For spring is coming fast.

—E. M. F., '20.

E. L., '20 in Physics—I read about a machine for loading and reloading cargos on ships and men.

School Notes

The night of January 30, 1920, was a memorable one for the P. A. Juniors. Twenty-six of us assembled at the Academy at five o'clock, laden with eats and wraps enough for a journey to the North Pole.

First we securely locked the feast in the school building, and then found a sleigh waiting for us. It did not take us long to get started. We had no trouble in keeping warm in a sleigh which seated perhaps fifteen comfortably. We sang while we rode in the moonlight, and all appeared to be enjoying themselves immensely.

When we returned to the school we were all eager to get some of Emerson's hot coffee to ease our poor throats. Then we kept up the good work by making the many kinds of sandwiches, cookies, cake, lollypops, apples and popcorn vanish almost immediately.

After we had done full justice to the "refreshments," then came the dance, in which every member of the 1921 class took part! Explanation? Many numbers were ladies' choice. With the loan of many records, the Victrola furnished excellent music.

Ten o'clock came all too soon. Our good time ended happily with the ringing of the Academy bell, which told us that victory was ours at the debate at Sanborn.

Our only regret was that a few of the Juniors were unable to enjoy our ride and party. We were fortunate in having several members of the faculty present to aid us in our own good time, especially Miss Flewelling, who proved to be a good representative for the faculty in the "popcorn chewing match."

Miss Marion George, '22, and Miss Margaret Gillespie, '22, gave excellent declamations in chapel on Tuesday morning, March 9. The student body hopes that others will be asked to take part. Miss George recited "Comfort" by Service and "My Philosophy" by Riley. Miss Gil-

lespie's selection was "Miss Henshaw's Bright Idea."

It's a long, long road to Derry from Manchester. If you don't think so, ask Maurice. A word to the wise is sufficient. Wayne, those new boxing gloves have come.

—T. O. P., '20.

Honor Roll First Half of Winter Term

Highest Honors—All A's.

Miss Reynolds, Gr.; Miss Mitchell, 20; Miss Schultz, 20; Dicey, 22; Miss Lupein, 22; Miss Bagley, 23; Miss Barker, 23; Miss Cote, 23; Miss Leighton, 23; Miss Whipple, 23.

High Honors—1 B, Rest A's.

Hepworth, Gr.; Miss Rogers, Gr.; Miss Sefton, 21; Miss Annis, 22; A. Reynolds, 22; Miss Stearns, 22.

Honors—All A's and B's.

Clark, Gr.; Enslin, Gr.; Miss Carter, 20; Miss Garland, 20; Garland, 20; Miss Paquet, 20; Parnell, 20; Shackett, 20; Williams, 20; Miss Bidwell, 21; M. Blake, 21; Miss Martin, 21; Miss O'Neil, 21; Rand, 21; Miss Sanborn, 21; Miss Shackett, 21; Miss Wilson, 21; Miss Colby, 22; Miss Rand, 22; Miss Wilson, 22; Brent, 23; Fisher, 23; Miss Kingsbury, 23; Low, 23; Miss Martin, 23; Miss Merrill, 23; Miss L. Schultz, 23; Tappan, 23; Miss Watson, 23.

Honorable Mention—A and B in Four Courses.

Miss Berry, 20; Miss Maguire, 20; Oak, 20; Miss Severance, 20; Miss Walbridge, 20; Fitts, 21; Oakes, 21; Miss H. Sargent, 21; Boyden, 22; Kelly, 22; Miss Church, 23.

Mention—1 C, Rest A's and B's.

Miss Aiken, 20; Miss Colby, 21; Miss Davis, 21; Miss Lane, 21; Miss Power,

21; Miss Smith, 21; Eddy, 22; Miss Pomprey, 22; Spottiswoode, 22; Miss Tabberah, 22; H. Bartlett, 23; Miss Fullerton, 23; Miss Gove, 23; Miss Hartford, 23; Miss Hartshorn, 23; Miss Lupein, 23; Miss Proctor, 23; Miss Sanborn, 23; Miss Watts, 23; Miss West, 23; Miss Worledge, 23.

Hildreth Hall

In the heart of Derry Village,
At a place where beaux ne'er call (?),
Stands an old, windshaken building,
Which is known as Hildreth Hall.
'Tis a large and massive structure;
It has stood the test of time,
For surely it must have been built
When Noah was in his prime.

The Hall is used in many ways—
In the basement the boys have fun;
A place to camp out during the night;
An ark where the rats can run;
A place for the wind to shriek about;
And the storms to blow in a gale;
A place for the sun to heat upon—
'Tis a sad and woeful tale.

Though for many things this Hall is used,
It is chiefly meant for one:
An habitation for the teachers and kids
When their work at school is done.
And as we oft retrace our steps
To the door of Hildreth Hall,
It is with pleasure in our hearts
That we these things recall.

And in our future years,
When we think of our old schooldays,
The Hall will loom up in our minds—
'Tis a part of the school, always.
And then we will remember
How we slid down the stairs,
How we stayed up till after ten,
As still as so many hares.

How the study bell would ring and ring,
How we studied so hard and well
That we really rejoiced at half-past seven
To hear that dear old bell(?);
How our sweet teachers would sometimes
scold
When we weren't as quiet as they—
But we were only a crowd of girls;
We couldn't be good all day.

These things and many others
We to our minds recall
When we think of the good old days
We spent at Hildreth Hall.
When you go to Derry Village
To watch a game of ball,
Just look at your surroundings—
Just gaze at Hildreth Hall.
—S. E. M., '20.

Miss C.—"Is Enslin on the debating team?"

E. A., '20—"Hope he don't fall off!"

Lost!

My last will and testament.
Please return and get a reward.
—M. C., '20.

On the library floor, someone's foot, "Pat-a-tat-tat, rat-a-tat-tat."

Miss C.—"I'm very fond of music but I don't care to hear that."

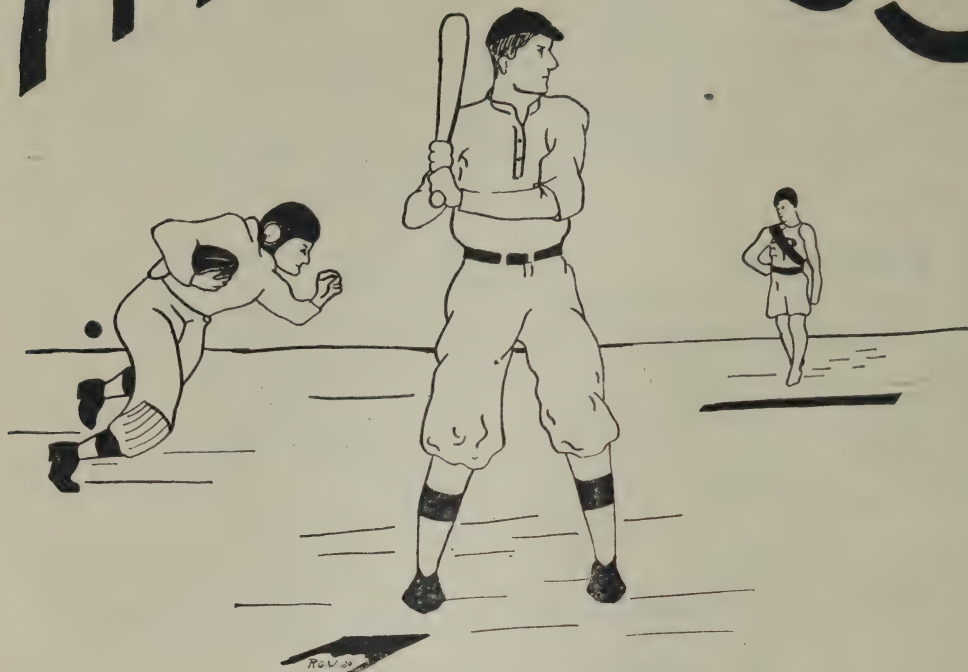
"Under this rock lies Marjorie Daw.
She broke my heart; I broke her jaw."

Overheard—D. P., '21: "There's a bread line down there (at the kitchen) waiting to powder their noses!" (We wonder which kind of flour they use, bread or pastry?)

Miss P., in Science—"What other elements are found in the soil besides nitrogen, calcium and oxygen?"

L. M., '20—"Worms!"

ATHLETICS



The baseball fever is now attacking all the boys. A number of baseball meetings have already been held. These meetings come every Tuesday and Thursday. New rules are being discussed along with other matters in the line of team play and the inside information of the game. Mr. Walbridge will have charge of the coaching and Mr. Dyke will help him with the batteries.

Aaron Goodrich has been elected manager of the team this year and has been very busy making out a schedule. The team is expecting a two or three-day trip. We are sure the players will work very hard to meet the school half way in return for what the school is doing for them. We hope to make the team one of the strongest that the school has yet turned out. The battery candidates are already getting in trim. The pitching staff is not as good as it should be. Cross, who has already pitched some very good games for two years, is the only experienced pitcher.

However, there are seven out for the place. Cross, we are sure, will keep up his good work. If Rand can throw the ball as well as he threw himself at the line in football, there is no doubt that he will help greatly. Hall, who has come to us as a Sophomore from Exeter High, promises to be a strong candidate. Bailey, Burdett, Beckley and Somerville are all making their opponents open their eyes. For catchers, we are fairly well off, with three out for this position. Williams, who comes from Cushing Academy is an all-around athlete. Wedluga has not had much experience but is a promising player. Bolduc will also try very hard to get the place again this year. As every position will have a good number trying to land it, the players will not be able to take it very easy if they wish to make the team.

We are expecting a very good track season and we are getting busy now. By the time this is published the track captain

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and manager will have been elected and they will be in full swing, doing their best for the school and for the different candidates. If we should get a track team that is as good as we expect it to be, it has been planned to send some of our best men to the Dartmouth meet in May. This will also give the boys something to fight for.

Baseball Schedule as Arranged to Date.

April 17	Pembroke at Pembroke.
April 21	Open.
April 24	Manchester High at Derry.
April 27	St. Joseph at Derry.
May 1	Open.
May 5	Open.
May 8	Dummer at Derry.
May 12	St. Anselm's Prep. at Derry.
May 15	Open.
May 19	Pembroke at Derry.
May 22	Punchard at Derry or Andover.
May 27, 28, 29	Three-day trip.
June 2	Open.
June 5	Dummer at South Byfield.
June 9	Open.
June 12	Open.
June 17	Sanborn at Derry.
June 18	Sanborn at Kingston.

Miss P. in Physics—"What happens when a hot and cold substance are brought together, Bailey?"

(A long moment of silence while B. thinks deeply.)

B. B., '20—"Speak louder."

In Spanish 2:

"Me muermo," respondio la viuda.

E. L., '20—"I'm a dead woman," said the widow.

Miss F. French—Sit down, Stearns; you don't know the least thing about the lesson. Wight!

Wight—I don't believe I know myself.

Miss F.—Well, if you don't know yourself I don't see how you can expect anyone else to.

Caw! Caw! Caw!



Caw, caw, caw! Old grandfather crow has just come from the west and we are having a lovely time up here in the tower. He got here just in time for the Junior Prom. on the twenty-third of February, and he was so delighted with the whole affair that he wants to give you his account of it, so I'll let him.

Caw, caw! How do you do, everyone? I'm old grandfather crow and have come to pay a little visit to old P. A. Oh! how this school has changed since I was here. No Junior Proms. in those days. Just see what we missed. The Junior class must be congratulated for their good work. The color scheme was carried out very well, even if the ice cream did look like Paris-green, as I heard one of those dignified Senior boys say. No, you didn't know that we were watching you. We were perched way up where the 1920 banner was hung for a few days! But, do you know that I almost fell off my perch once because I saw this big blue thing come floating up to me. I thought sure they were sending for me (I'm most seventy, you know). But my little granddaughter told me not to be afraid. It was only a balloon flying off the balloon-lady. There were so many pretty costumes that I can't describe any one in particular; but there were gypsies, rainbows, fairies, roses, tulips, butterflies, Turks, Chinks, clowns, and I think I saw George Washington himself walking around. And hoboos! Yes, there were a few hoboos. But I laughed and laughed when I looked upon the corner and saw two little shavers studying the programs. They were dressed alike—bright red caps and noses, and all that went toward making them the most comical pair in the hall.

But the 1920 class always did take the cake, didn't it? Walked off with two prizes! First prize for girls was given to Marie Barker. She was the rainbow girl, and her dress shone and sparkled all over just like the sky does after one of your New England snowstorms. The first prize for boys was given to Bradbury Bartlett. He represented a Spanish Cavalier, and certainly looked like one—Charlie Chaplin mustache and plumes and velvet. Marion Cogswell got the second prize for girls. She was the Balloon Lady, and I think I heard someone call her a Bubble girl. Everyone was "Blowing Bubbles" with those balloons. Maurice Read took the second prize for the boys. He looked like a real, genuine Turk; and I guess he could have carried a couple of loaves of bread in the bottom of his trousers, the way the Turks do. Oh! it was a wonderful event, and we all will remember the first Junior Prom.

And what is this I hear about debating? Is Pinkerton taking all the laurels this year?

But the one place I like to frequent in old P. A. is the lab. You know, there wasn't any lab. when I used to be here, and that place is a source of wonderment to me in my old age. The other day I

went down to look around. I flew around for a few minutes and then perched on a cabinet. Over at a long table two boys were working. One said to the other, "Say, Casper, what are you doing?" The other boy said, "Inventing the first steam engine." And I guess he was! Smoke and steam all over the place, and in a little while he had quite an audience. But the teacher came out soon and said, "Science class in the other room." Then didn't they scoot!

By the way, what a lot of white sweaters! After baseball season is over I know I will see a lot more letters on those sweaters.

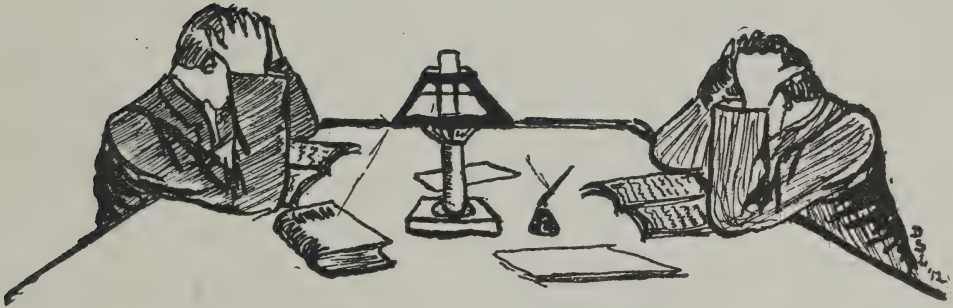
I must say good-night to you now. But that reminds me of the story I heard about the two fellows at boarding school. They made it a rule that every night before they went to sleep each would compose a little verse. So one night this is what Bob said to Tom:

"Good-night,
Sweet repose;
Half the bed
And all the clothes."

You can imagine what happened after that. Caw, caw, caw!

—L. K. M., '20.

GRINDS



T. G., '22 (translating French)—Le chien posa une de ses pattes de devant sur son coeur.

The dog placed one of his paws on top of his heart.

Heard in Latin 4:

A. H., '19—What time is it by that brass watch of yours?

German 3. Miss Clark looking up German for tomato.

Miss Clark—They are called love apples.

F. C., '20—I wonder why they are called love apples?

E. A., '20—Because they are so mushy.

A woodpecker hit on a Freshman's head, And there began to drill.

He drilled away an hour or two,
And then he broke his bill.

—Bric-a-Brac.

Brave men may burn, and maidens sigh,
And both be willing and devout;
Yet there'll be fools to wonder why
The light went out.

Strong men may take themselves to task,
And others know themselves remiss,
But always there'll be fools to ask
Before they kiss.

I wonder if Hep and Clarkie have
broken their resolution?

R. R., '20 in Math. 4—Are there any
bird's eggs which are perfect spheres?

C. W., '20—Yes; turtle's eggs.

H. C., '17, is now fully prepared to debate on the subject, "Resolved, That Sea-Gulls Are Ducks."

Miss P. in Physics—What is work?

A. G., '20—I don't know what work is.

Information Wanted!

H. E. C., '17, would like to know why those new sweaters smell so when they get wet.

There is a young man named Clark.
At debating he sure is a shark.

The judges he won

With his smile full of fun;
And then said, "Oh, gee, what a lark!"

Miss P. in Physics—How do you get work from heat?

W. C., '20—When the woods get afire you have to work to put it out.

In French 2:

H. O'N., '22—Where does the grave go?
(Meaning grave accent.)

Miss F.—In the end.

C. W., '20, in Physics—If you touch the bell in a factory and then point your finger of the other hand you can see blue sparks fly out.

E. A., '20—Caspar! And this is prohibition, too!



Exchanges

The Boston University Beacon—Beacon Association, Boston, Mass.

The Bulletin—Calif. State Prison, San Quentin, Calif.

The Forrester—Dallas, Texas. By far the best paper we receive.

The Breccia—Deering High School, Portland, Me. Your Exchange Department is the best we have found in any school paper.

The Argus—Gardner High School, Gardner, Mass. The arrangement of your paper is very good, and the paper on which it is printed adds to its attractiveness.

Lawrence High School Bulletin—Lawrence High School, Lawrence, Mass. A good paper, but where is your Exchange Department?

The Enterprise—Massachusetts Hospital School Press, Canton, Mass. You have a fine variety of stories, school notes and jokes.

The Dean Megaphone—Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass. The Alumni, Exchange and Athletic Departments are very good, but we would suggest a rearrangement of them.

The following are very good "news" papers but not much excitement or many jokes. We would suggest printing your

school papers in magazine form, to make them more interesting:

The Mirror—Pratt High School, Pratt, Kansas.

The New Hampshire—Durham, N. H.

The Pantograph — Kansas City High School, Kansas City, Kansas.

The Vermont Pioneer—Randolph Center, Vermont.

Chara-De-Lix—Norwich High School, Norwich, N. Y.

The X-Ray—Sacramento High School, Sacramento, Calif.

The Brewster—Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

The Polytechnic—Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

"Ivy, why don't you cling to me?"

He cried in whispers thick.

"Oh, Archibald, I will," said she.

"I think that you're a brick."

—Ex.

Cross—"How would you like a pet monkey?"

El.—"Oh, Clayte, this is so sudden!"

Clark, who was sent out of class, asked, "For good?"

Miss P.—"I should think it was for bad."

Should a fellow propose to a girl on his knees?

Well, if he doesn't she should get off.

—Ex.

Freshman—"Which is proper, I am crazy or I'm crazy?"

Brilliant Senior—"I am crazy, of course, ya poor fish."

Freshie—"I thought so."—Ex.

Geography takes up other animals besides men.—Ex.

L. R., '20, giving oral theme in English: "He shaved and polished his shoes."

—Ex.

If a body see a body
Flunking in a quiz,
And a body help a body,
Is it anybody's biz?

—M. H. B., '20.

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